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The Princess and the Fox



princess

fox

fairytale

575 72 40

Chapter 1 by The Ginger

Once upon a time, there was a princess and a fox.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



The princess was alone in the woods crying. Her "noble" prince had once again proven that all men are pigs. She lay in the woods under favorite tree, her legs pressed tightly together and tears brimming on her blue eyes. She thought she wanted to die, but as a twig snapped nearby by and she realized she wasn't alone she realized she was scared to die.

She looked around the forest frantically to see who or what was there. A bright orange patch of fur caught he attention. It was only a fox. The fox noticed her too it seemed and came, curiously, cautiously to the young woman.

"Hallo junge Dame. Warum weinst du?" it said.

The young girl was startled, talking animals only existed in fairy tales... right? The next question that popped into her head though, was *what did the fox say?*

Chapter 3 by The Ginger

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The fox stopped a few feet away from her, his nose twitched timidly, much like a rabbit. He noticed the Princess's sorry appearance.

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She was wearing the shredded remains of what was, earlier that day, a glorious wedding dress. But alas, now it was bloodied, bruised, and torn, much like the Princess who wore it.

"Bonjour?" Again, the fox spoke. His rusty voice was gruff, and sounded to the Princess like wind rustling through dry leaves. Maybe that was all this was - a trick of the forest. Her hearing playing a cruel joke.

"Здравствуйте?"

The Princess's head wilted to the side in confusion. She rummaged inside the folds of her dry mouth, and pulled out a few wrinkled words. "E-excuse me?" The syllables dragged their feet off the end of her tongue, like men off the edge of a plank.

"Ah, English is it?" The fox's thick tail flickered in recognition. "I should have guessed as much. It's been so long since I last talked with a human...I've gotten rusty."

A fragile silence spun its way between the two, a glistening spiderweb of uncertainty. The Princess blinked. The fox blinked in return.

Then, the thread snapped and was blown away in the midnight air.

The Princess let out a wolfish bark of laughter. This sudden, unexpected howl made the fox jump, his fur bristling like a porcupine unsheathing its quills.

"That's it! This is the last straw. My wedding was ruined --"

"Ah, that explains the dress--"

"I'm accused of murder, thrown out of my home, and on top of all that--" she waved her arms in the direction of the fox. "The animals have started to talk. I've snapped. I've gone crazy."

A bemused expression twitched across the bearded muzzle of the fox. He almost looked like he

was trying to hold in a chuckle. "I hate to be a bit picky here, since you've had such a hard day and all, but the animals haven't started talking to humans yet. We just don't usually find human conversation very stimulating."

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The Princess crossed her arms and glared at the fox.

"Mr. Fox - really? That's what you're going with?"

"You know what? I've had a really rough day. Don't know if you caught that rant earlier, but I'm a wanted criminal now, so I could do with a little less sass."

"Fine." The fox sat down, his movements elegant and refined. He seemed to be rather enjoying himself.

"Fine." The Princess closed her eyes, hoping to get some sleep. Maybe this would turn out to be a bad dream. After a moment, she snuck a peep through the cracks of her eyelids.

"Still here," growled the fox, his voice chittering with amusement.

The Princess sighed. She tried to run her hand through her knotted hair, but the tangles were too severe.

"It's Reynard, by the way."

The Princess looked up at the flame-furred fox. "What?"

"My name. It's not Mr. Fox. It's Reynard."

"Really?" she said as she pulled a leaf out from her tumbleweed hair.

The fox licked his front paw as if he were some sort of domestic house cat. "Why so surprised?"

"I guess I just thought that your name would be 'Spot' or 'Rover' or something."

Reynard rolled his eyes. "Ah. There's that 'stimulating conversation' I was talking about." The Princess didn't realize a fox could be sarcastic. But then again, until about ten minutes ago, she didn't know they could talk either.

Clearing his throat, Reynard said, "Well, go on. I shared my name. It's only fair that you share yours."

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she flattened herself against the base of the tree.

"A princess? You're a princess?" It was much harder to understand Reynard now. His words sounded more like growls and less like English. "You've got two options," Reynard snarled ferociously as he inched closer. "Marry me, or become my late night snack."

Chapter 4 by The Girl Who Lived



Ingrid pulled back in surprise, "Marry you? But why--"

"You heard me, marry me, or become my late night snack, Reynard growled and circled around her. She felt the tip of his tail brush her back and she shivered. Ingrid's mind whirled with thoughts, trying to find a way to escape this situation. Part of her was still hoping she was in a dream.

"No, you're not dreaming," Reynard sneered and sat down on the edge of her gown. "Now make your choice or else."

Ingrid was nearly in a panic. Marry a fox?? Why on earth would she do that? But then, she didn't want to be eaten.

"I guess... I guess I'll marry you then." she said with a shaky voice.

Chapter 5 by Someone



Reynard stretched his neck and let out a long, laugh-like howl.

"Alas, my dear princess, I was only jesting!"

"Wait, what? You--"

"Yes, Miss Ingrid, I was jesting. We foxes would never threaten anyone just like that. That's what humans would do."

"Why?"

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"We," Reynard began, "foxes are not just here to eat you. We also love to give them lessons. Haven't you

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Ingrid blushed with shame.

"No." She answered.

"Well, that's unfortunate." Reynard carefully took a step towards Ingrid. " My lesson for you, Miss Ingrid, is to never marry a stranger."

"But then wasn't fair, you threatened me!"

"If you had observed carefully enough, you would've realised that there are 3 unguarded dove nests around me already. Sadly, humans never seem to have enough for us foxes."

"I'm not convinced." Clearly she was at least 30 times bigger than all that eggs combined.

"We eat hopes, not despair." Reynard licked his lips - if he had one, that is. "And only the 'pure' ones."

"So I guess I should stay depressed?"

Reynard started to walk around a tree. "Fear not, no one would want to eat you as long as hunger isn't pushing them to their end."

"Then, am I, safe?"

Reynard now stood on a rock, gazing into her eyes. Ingrid stared at him, her eyes glowing with hope and confusion.

Reynard finally opened his mouth again. "From the Foxes, yes." He jumped behind the rock. "From your own, who knows." Then he disappeared.

Chapter 6 by Anouk



"Wait!" Ingrid yelled, choking back a sob. "Come back!"

But the Fox was already gone. Ingrid fell back to her knees, no longer holding back the sobs she was keeping. Why could she never see him again?

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"I bet they are, after I told them that joke about the human and the frog." The scruffy voice of Reynard was coming from right behind her. As soon as Ingrid swung around to face him, he let out a wolfish laugh.

"Was my absence so saddening?" He grinned.

"Shut up!" Ingrid shouted at his face, not knowing what else to say.

Reynard started to laugh, but he suddenly stiffened. His ears were pressed flat against his head, his lips curling back.

"What?? What is i-," Ingrid started to ask, but she was cut off by a deafening roar.

Chapter 7 by Charlotte



Fear flooded Ingrid's pale face as she turned around and saw a colossal bear nearing towards them. Reynard raised his back and started to climb a tree to hide but was reminded of the princess, who had a long dress, that could not climb as far as he could.

"Run!" Reynard yelled to the petrified princess. Ingrid tried her best to get up and almost tripped as she started to run in to other direction. She could hear Reynard trying to reason with the bear.

"Don't hurt her. She is in misery as it is. Let her be." Reynard pleaded. The bear only growled. Ingrid wanted to stay and listen but the thought of being eaten alive was too great. She ran and ran until she finally tripped over her long dress and tore yet another hole in it. She was back to square one. She could have almost forgotten what had happened back at the castle and when she remembered she wanted to forget. She looked up and saw no animals to take her mind off things.

"Reynard?" Ingrid called out but there was no answer. Everything seemed to grow darker than it already was. Her life seemed meaningless. It all seemed to crumble. As Ingrid lay her head down on the leaf cushioned ground, she heard a voice, human voice, call her name.

Chapter 8 by Ashley Hagan



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"Excuse me?" the boy asked.

"The fox who spoke to me!" Ingrid was sure that the Indian boy thought she was crazy, but the Indian boy laughed and helped Ingrid to her feet.

"I am Reynard!" he chuckled. "We could run away together, far away from all of this. This forest is rich with magic. Foxes can talk and shapeshift. Even princesses can use it, with effort and practice. You, perhaps, are the most fascinating of humankind."

Ingrid dusted off her dress and concentrated, replacing it with a shirt and pants. She gave herself hiking boots. Comfortable, she commanded, "Lead the way."

Reynard the boy looked as similar to Reynard the fox as possible. He smiled and said, "Of course."

the end

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